Two Years Mission Work In Europe

Just Before the World War 1912—14

With Chapters on Russia—War Declared—Early Days of the War—Home through the War Zone

By FRANK BARTLEMAN

SECOND EDITION

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MISSIONARY FRANK BARTLEMAN

OFF FOR EUROPE

While passing through Europe on my trip around the world in 1910, (described in an earlier book, entitled, "Around the World by Faith, with Six Weeks in the Holy Land,") I became convinced that I would return later, with my family, for a further ministry there. After remaining in Los Angeles from the Spring of 1911 to the Spring of 1912 it was made very clear to us that we should go forward. The Lord provided for the first lap of our journey through two individuals, one a brother in the Lord 500 miles away, the other a sister, not Pentecostal, but in sympathy. We came over the Salt Lake Route, stopping one day in Salt Lake City. Went from there over the Denver and Rio Grande. We were delayed some hours by a snow slide, but reached the Grand Canyon just in time to see its wonderful scenery before darkness closed down upon us.

We stopped in Denver over Sunday. I located the Pentecostal Assembly there after some searching. Had had no communication with them. They received me as from the Lord. We had a wonderful day. I spoke at three services. We next stopped at Topeka, Kansas. Here we found other visiting workers ahead of us. Not wishing to embarrass them we only stopped one night, to rest the children from the long journey. Had a warm welcome from Bro. Foster, and one good meeting. In those early days all Pentecostal doors were open to the worker sent of God. We ran on next day to Kansas City, Mo. Stopped over Sunday with the Pentecostal people there, holding three services. The Lord blessed in the messages.

Our next stop was at St. Louis, Mo. Here we remained three weeks with Mother Moise, in the Pentecostal Home. Had blessed services, the Lord wonderfully manifesting Himself. It was hard to leave there. We next jumped to Findlay, Ohio, where we held a convention. Our next meeting was at Wilkinsburg, Pa. Pastor Tom Float was very kind to us. I preached two

nights, with much help from the Lord. We then came on to Washington, D. C., stopping at Mother Perry's. Here God wonderfully wrought. Many were greatly helped. There was a very deep spirit of prayer upon us. I went to the Department of State and got our Passports for foreign parts. We only stopped one night in Washington.

We then came on to Philadelphia, reaching there with just $2.00. I preached at Highway Mission twice on Sunday. Here one man gave me $50.00 in a lump. Thank God! Leaving my family with my mother at Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa., I then ran on to New York City. There I preached two nights at "Glad Tidings Hall." Bro. Robt. Brown was in charge. We had a blessed time.

I then went to Montwait, Mass., Camp Meeting. Here God wonderfully wrought, in the Tarrying Meetings. From there I came back to New York City, speaking one night. Next day I went to Patterson, New Jersey, and spoke twice in an all-day meeting. The Lord was with us in great power. I then came back to Philadelphia, stopping over night to give my testimony at the Grace Baptist Church, corner of Broad and Berks streets, where I had been a member after my conversion in 1893, and next day went to Homestead Camp Meeting, near Pittsburg, Pa. At Homestead I preached once a day, with great help from God. The Camp Meeting Committee gave me $50.00. I had now over $100.00 on hand.

The family then went with me to a Camp Meeting at Patterson, N. J. It was a hard battle. I spoke principally on Missions. Spoke two or three times in all. God again wonderfully undertook for us financially. Received $60.00 during the ten days we were there. This was mostly given us by individuals. The committee gave us $25.00.

We came back to New York City for two days, where I preached again with much help from God. I then took the family to my wife's mother, in New York State, on the Hudson, and from there ran on to Jordan Station Camp Meeting, in Canada. By this time we were looking to God for clear leadings for the future.

We felt the time was approaching to sail, if we were going to Europe. I had refrained from making any positive declaration as to this step, feeling that I must be very sure before I committed myself definitely. The money given me during the season was given with the understanding that I did not bind myself to use it in any particular way, but that if God led us to Europe it would be on hand to use for that purpose.

The Lord had always made me careful in money matters. I remember receiving a check for $50.00 in the Spring of 1907, from Conneaut, Ohio, to come east on and hold a meeting. But I never cashed the check until I had gone there and held the meeting. I trusted God to give me my carfare from California some other way, rather than take chances of not suiting the people, and having a misunderstanding over the money. The meeting was a success, so I felt then the money was mine.

God has never allowed us to borrow or go in debt in all our married life, and I observed the same rule while single almost from the time I was saved. All that I have received for preaching, for almost thirty years, has been in the way of free-will offerings. Have never preached for salary or for stipulated amount. I have felt I could not hire out to preach the Gospel of Christ. Our needs have been supplied through those whose hearts God has touched for the Gospel's sake, as at this day.

We had a wonderful time at Jordan Camp Meeting. A great spirit of unity prevailed. I was pressed forward by the brethren to preach a number of times. Stopped at Buffalo on the way home, at Erdman's Mission, where I preached two nights. The first night I preached three hours. The second night one and one-half hours. The people were so hungry and appreciative. God greatly blessed. In the beginning of the Pentecostal outpouring I remember preaching for three hours one evening in the heart of New York City. And then the people wanted more. Those were days of great hunger for the Word of God.

I brought my family to New York City again, where I preached four times. We had powerful meetings. We

then went to Philadelphia again, where I preached for about two weeks, every night, with great help from the Lord. I left the family here and went back to New York City, to see if it was God's time for us to sail for Europe. Stopped over Sunday, preaching in "Glad Tidings Hall." I had been told that it was almost impossible to get passage to Europe at this time as so many were going,and the berths were all engaged for weeks ahead. But the Lord was to decide. After praying earnestly for Him to indicate His will clearly in the matter, I went down to the Cunard line and inquired about passage. I had barely spoken my wish before the clerk drew his pencil around just the cabin accommodations we needed, and the matter was settled. The Lord had had it all arranged. I had gone down willing to the last to stay or go, as He should desire. He knew my heart. I wanted His will. I left a deposit, and we were to sail Oct. 19.

I returned to Philadelphia and spent Sunday at Highway Mission, preaching three times. The saints gave me $40.00. We then went to New York City, where we stayed at "Glad Tidings Hall." I preached two nights. I found after paying our fares to Europe, $200.00 for the family, second class, we had just $100.00 left to reach England with. God had been so wonderfully good to us.

BRITISH ISLES

We sailed Saturday, Oct. 19, 1912, on the "Caronia," from New York City. Just one person, Sister Lynch saw us off at the wharf. The vessel was a good sized one, and very steady. We made the trip in eight days, landing at Liverpool Oct. 27. A brother from Halifax met us at the wharf and brought us to his mother's home, Sister Lydia Walshaw's, Halifax, England, 60 miles from Liverpool. I had held meetings at this place when in England in 1910.

Here we remained one week, to rest up from the sea voyage. We had a house all to ourselves, where we could be alone and have our own family life again. This treat seemed very blessed, in a strange land, among strangers. A party of English saints welcomed us the evening we arrived, with music and songs of praise to God, at the house. It was very kind of them. I spoke three times at Emmaus Pentecostal Mission here. There was a very deep spirit in the meetings. God wonderfully blessed. They gave us ten shillings ($2.50). Brother Polhill sent me $10.00 from London.

A little incident happened just before we left the boat at Liverpool. We were waiting in the cabin for the call to go ashore, when my wife picked up a beautiful, shining, new two shilling piece, from under her chair on the floor. We accepted it as a token from the Lord to provide for our future needs in Europe. A little thing in itself, but it meant much to us as from Him.

We removed to Sunderland, Nov. 7, to a Faith Home, by the North Sea. The Home was conducted by two Sisters. Here we had a severe trial. Wife was taken very sick, and came near to death's door. I had some little ministry among the workers, but altogether we did not stay longer than necessary for my wife to get able to move again. We enjoyed the North Sea breeze, and the Roker Sands, but found the climate pretty cold and damp for Californians. We missed the sunshine. We remained six weeks here, but on account of my

wife's health I was unable to get into meetings much, and could not leave the city. It proved rather a time for getting our new bearings. I spoke once forPastor Alex. Boddy, and attended his meetings a few times.

From here we removed to Bolton, about twenty-five miles from Liverpool. There we rented rooms for the family, where they could do their own cooking, and thus have their own family life again, a thing much better than boarding, or being in a Home. In fact a home for one family is the only real home with a big H. We found it very rainy and cold in England. Especially in Lancashire, where we were now located. It seemed as though we hardly ever saw the sun at this time. It became dark at 4 P. M. and daylight at 8 A. M. We were not far from Manchester. Our home was called "The Hillock," Lee Gate Lane, Bolton, England.

I spoke once in a little Pentecostal Mission in Bolton, and we had meeting every Sunday morning in the house where we were living. I went to Bro. Mogg's Conference, in Manchester, for a few days. Here I spoke several times, with much blessing. Took a trip to Liverpool, and met a very earnest brother by the name of Mr. Breeze.

My next trip was to Scotland, stopping between trains on the way at the old English city of Carlisle. Had a good look at the old Castle there. I then ran on to Stirling, Scotland, where I took part in a Pentecostal Conference. Preached at two morning services. I was much helped of God. From there I went to Kilsyth, where I had been in 1910. Here I spoke three times in two days. God wonderfully blessed in the messages. Bro. Murdoch, the leader, gave me $5.00. From there I went to E. Wemyss, where I spoke three times in two days, at a Convention. Received $5.00 here also. Next I came to Edinburg. I stopped at Sister Beruldsen's, my stopping place in 1910 also. Spoke at their Mission in Leith one night. Bro. Polhill sent me a check here for $34.00.

I then ran back to Stirling, stopping over one night and preaching at the Mission. God gave us a good time. Next day I started for home. Had a strong impression to get out of Scotland. I had wanted to go

to Kilsyth again, but did not have the liberty. Before I reached England on the train a gale was blowing. It turned suddenly very cold. It began to snow in the middle of the night and by morning winter was on in earnest. We had had beautiful, mild weather up to this time in Scotland. They had twenty-three inches of snow before it stopped storming. Then I was glad I had left on time. I reached Bolton in the morning and found five inches of snow even there. That was pretty rough for Californians, but I was glad I had gotten home. We had not seen snow for nine years, to remain in it.

I preached in Bolton Mission again and then went to Halifax for a four days' convention. We had three services a day and I preached at every service. God wonderfully blessed. Returned home again, and later took a trip farther south to Hereford. Here I had a wonderful time with Bro. Frank Hodges, and his band of Pentecostal saints. The Lord made it clear in this meeting that I was to remove with my family there. It would be much warmer in Hereford. Lancashire was very cold for us. I spoke six times at Hereford, with much blessing, before returning to Bolton.

We moved to Hereford, March 1. Had a beautiful little furnished home at No. 3 Cotterell street by ourselves. Thank God for home life in foreign parts. God had wonderfully supplied our needs up to date. A Brother Fisher from Hereford and myself took a trip to Llandrindod Wells, Wales. A meeting was going on at Penybond. Bros. Stephen and George Jeffries were the preachers. They were both kept away from the meetings Friday and Saturday evenings. Bro. Fisher and myself spoke in their place. God wonderfully blessed. I came home again to Hereford.

I went to Liverpool again to meet a Bro. Longstreth from America. He was on his way to Africa as a Missionary. Returning again I preached at the mission in Hereford for a week, every night. The Lord visited us in a wonderful way. This was the most spiritual place I had yet found in England.

FRANCE, NORWAY, SWEDEN

My next trip was to Paris, France. Spent a week there. I left home April 1. Went to Southampton, stopping off between trains at Oxford, where I saw the old College where John and Charles Wesley and others studied in their time. We had a smooth sea from Southampton to Le Havre, France. I took the train from there to Rouen, where I stopped two hours between trains to look around the old city. It was very interesting. Went on to Paris in the evening.

I stopped in a hotel at Paris, as I had lost the address of the Pentecostal leader, Bro. Michael Mast, but finally found him, and we went out to Rosny-sous-Bois, where they had a little Pentecostal Mission. I had visited this Mission in 1910. It was about ten miles from Paris. Here I received a warm welcome. I preached nearly every night while in Paris. Bro. Mast interpreted for me. At this time there was only one Pentecostal Mission in the whole of France. They had a worker in Le Havre, I believe.

I had one meeting in Bro. Mast's tailoring establishment, in the heart of Paris. There were about thirty people present. It was very hard to get the people to a Gospel meeting in Paris. One precious soul was saved in the meeting. We held some cottage meetings also, in another part of the city. There were at that time perhaps ten baptized souls in the whole of France. It seemed to me Paris was, if anything, more wicked than when I was there in 1910. I found the climate much warmer in France and enjoyed the sunshine hugely. I returned home by the same route, reaching Hereford again safely.

Stayed at Hereford for some time, working and preaching in the mission with much blessing. I then received a call from Bro. Polhill to attend the London Conference. Went and had a time of victory. I preached twice at the Convention. They gave me $24.00 and my expenses paid.

A Sister sent me the fare to go to Sunderland, and

urged me to attend the Pentecostal Conference there. So I again went north. Preached once in the Convention, and once in a little meeting of workers where the Lord blessed us wonderfully. The Convention as a whole seemed rather cold. God used me to break up some of the stiffness among the people. I was given about $30.00 at Sunderland, by private individuals.

I spent a few days more, after reaching home, preaching in the little mission at Hereford, and then took another trip to Wales. Visited the Cwmtwrch Assembly at Ystelafera Sta. We had a wonderful time. I preached Saturday night and three times Sunday. God witnessed powerfully. Sunday night I preached for two hours. Came home by way of Rhonnda Valley. I stopped at Treorchy, near Tony Pandy, for a short time. The Welsh people are very humble and spiritual. Reached home safely again.

I preached again at the little mission in Hereford. Had felt for some time that God wanted me to spend a month in Norway and Sweden in the work. So I wrote to Bro. Polhill, London, for Bro. Barratt's address in Christiania, but I did not mention my intention of going there. I received the desired address from him promptly, with a check for $24.00 enclosed, for my fare. So I knew God wanted me to go.

Left home June 3, going first to London. From there I crossed the Channel to Amsterdam, Holland. I had felt pressed to start north for Norway on short notice, so I simply wrote Bro. Barratt that I was starting, not giving him time to reply. I was afraid he might write me not to come, and I knew God wanted me there. I had learned enough of European ways not to trust to other people's leadings too far in matters of this kind. And I found later the wisdom of this course. When I reached Christiania Bro. Barratt was just ready to start for Finland. He left the next day.

He said he would naturally have written me not to come under the circumstances, if I had given him time to reply, until he should return from Finland. So again it payed to obey God rather than man. In Europe as a rule they are not in the habit of doing things exactly

that way. They generally expect you to wait for an invitation before you come.

I preached at Amsterdam one night, and the next morning went on north, as far as Bunde, Ostfriesland, Germany, just across from the Holland border. Had run through Holland all day. I spent one night at Bunde, with Pastor Voget whom I had visited there in 1910. Next morning I took the train for Hamburg. God wonderfully wrought for me on this trip north. We had desired to leave England and move to the Continent, but did not know where or how to get a foothold there. But the Lord had it all arranged beforehand. Through my stop in Bunde in 1910 I had gotten acquainted with Pastor Voget. His father lived in the next town (Weener), just a few miles farther on. I had not met him in 1910.

Pastor Voget knew we wanted to come to the Continent. His father had a large house where he lived, with plenty of room, in Weener. The youngest daughter, Talleta, was at Bunde and heard me say we wanted to move to Germany. So she ran over to Weener and spoke to her father about the matter. The father wanted to meet me, having been in America himself, and so the next morning when my train passed through Weener he was at the station. In the few minutes the train stopped he found me and introduced himself to me. Before the train pulled out he had invited me to bring my family to his home and stay as long as we wanted to, free of expense. It was all done in a very few minutes. God did it. Praise Him! He had it all arranged and it was bound to go through. I went on my way north, rejoicing in His goodness. Thus far the Lord was with me. Our coming to the Continent was settled. We were to move there the first part of July, as soon as I should return from Norway.

I looked around Hamburg a few hours, and then took the night train for Copenhagen, Denmark. Rode all night, up through Schleswig-Holstein, crossing the Kiel Canal at midnight. I reached Copenhagen in the morning and spent the day looking around that old, interesting city. Could not get another train north until evening. I saw many odd buildings in this Danish Capital. Took the night train for Christiania. Saw

some beautiful country on the way. The train reached Christiania about noon the next day, Sunday. I found Bro. Barratt's home, and received a hearty welcome. He had announced me to preach that morning, but I was too late. I preached at night. He interpreted for me.

The Norwegian people welcomed me warmly. The next morning Bro. Barratt left home for Finland. I stopped with his family, and preached in the large Mission for two weeks. Sister Barratt interpreted for me. We had a crowded hall and blessed times. The people were very receptive. They gave me $25.00.

I felt pressed to go on to Stockholm, and wrote the leader there. Received a hearty welcome to come, from Pastor Lewi Petrus. So I went and stopped four days there, preaching four times, through interpreter. We had a crowded hall. Major Sjodin, a Staff Officer in the Salvation Army, was my interpreter, and she was fine. She had been in the habit of interpreting for General Booth, and all visiting English Salvation Army officers. We engaged her from Salvation Army Headquarters. The hall was crowded.

Sunday afternoon we had an open air meeting in the woods. They gave me $20.00. I looked around Stockholm a little, finding it a beautiful city. Returned to Christiania on Monday. This was the season of the longest days in the year. The pink tinge from the sun was in the sky all night. It did not get dark. I could not see the sun at midnight, not being quite far enough north for that, but I read a newspaper at midnight on the train, by the light from the sun alone. I liked the country and people very much. Felt I would like to return to Sweden later and to Finland also if possible. They wanted me to stay longer in Sweden.

I returned home from Christiania on the Wilson line steamer "Esquimaux," June 25, reaching Hull, England, June 27. We sailed down the Skager Rack, and across the English Channel diagonally. Had a rough passage, as I think they generally do in that Sea. I would not care to repeat the voyage. Was very happy at the results of my trip. I was also very glad that I had not conferred with flesh and blood before taking it. If I had I would never have gotten it.

HOLLAND, GERMANY, SWEDEN, SWITZERLAND

I reached home safely ,spoke at the little mission in Hereford one more time, and then we started by way of London, for the Continent. I bought a new typewriter in London, showed the family around the city a little, and then we took the boat at night across the Channel, from Harwich to Hook of Holland. Left Hereford July 3. We landed in Amsterdam at Bro. Polman's in the morning in time for breakfast. In answer to prayer the Customs officers did not open our trunks, as we were going through to Germany. Had a good time at Amsterdam over Sunday. I preached morning and evening with much help from God, through interpreter. We went on to Weener, Ostfriesland, Monday. I had my new typewriter in a new grip. There was a duty on typewriters, but I prayed and the Customs officer opened the old grip and not finding anything freed my whole baggage. We arrived in Germany just in time for a Pentecostal Conference in Bunde, to which I was invited. It was a one day conference. I preached morning and evening, through interpreter.

So we were at last in Germany. The family were comfortably located and the friends were very kind to them. I preached at a Baptist Church at Weener one Sunday morning, in the absence of the Pastor. Had a visit with a State Church Pastor at Holtland. He gave me $5.00. Had a conference with a company of State Church Pastors also. They wanted me to tell them about the Pentecostal work. The Lord spoke to their hearts. I spoke one night to a company of poor saints at Weener. They were mostly servant girls.

I preached at the Baptist Church again and visited some Pastors in the country. Preached at Bunde, and spoke at a prayer meeting. The presence of God was wonderful among these poor saints. I received $20.00 from America about this time. Preached at the Baptist Church a third time, and at Bunde twice more. I

then took a little trip to Emden with Pastor Voget, to attend a Blue Cross (Temperance) meeting. It was a very old and interesting city. I preached again at Bunde, and then went to Bremen for a Pentecostal Conference. Here I preached four times in all and was greatly helped by the Lord. The presence of God was truly wonderful. Received an offering of 75 Marks ($18.00).

I next attended the Pentecostal Mulheim Conference, in August. Nearly three thousand were in the habit of attending this great Conference, from all parts of Europe. It was a great gathering. I did not speak there. It only lasted four days, and the speakers had been already engaged. They were not accustomed to letting the Lord choose His speakers on the spot in Germany as a rule. I profited much by this conference and its associations. Met many saints here from different parts.

I returned home to Weener and then started for a second trip to Sweden. There was to be a big Conference at Orebro which I very much desired to attend. I was afraid to start without at least announcing my desire to come, so I wrote Pastor Ongman there that I would like to attend. I had never met him, and as he was not Pentecostal, and the Conference not strictly Pentecostal, although many of its contributors had received the baptism, I felt it best to get into communication with him before starting. When I got back to Weener I found that Pastor Voget had gone on to Lubeck with a letter in his pocket for me, from Pastor Ongman. I had no way of telling what its contents might be. Wife had given it to him to hand me at Lubeck, as I expected to sail from there ,and had first arranged to go direct from Mulheim by way of Berlin. But I changed my plans when I found Berlin was not the place for me at that time, so had returned to Weener, before starting for Sweden. Pastor Voget had been called on business to Lubeck.

I met Pastor Voget at Lubeck, and he handed me my letter. But I feared to open it, lest it might contain a negative reply. By this time I felt sure God wanted me in Sweden, whether or no. I did not know at that

time that we were to move to Sweden, but God began to talk to me about it very soon after. I really feared to open the letter lest I might be tempted to fail God, so put it in my pocket unopened and took the boat for Sweden. I opened it after sailing, and to my great joy found a hearty welcome to Orebro Conference. So God was leading.

I landed in Copenhagen after a quiet voyage and took the train for Gothenberg, Sweden. Here I met Bro. Andrew Johnson, whom I had known in the early Azusa Mission days in California. The Lord had by this time begun to show me His plan for us to move to Sweden for the winter. I spoke five times at Gothenberg, at Pastor Rhonstrom's church, and also at Bro. Malmcrone's Mission. Was much blessed in the messages. From here Bro. Johnson and myself traveled on together, he acting as my interpreter. We first went to Skara. Here I preached one night in the Baptist Church. There were some of its members who had received the baptism with the Holy Ghost. We next went to Skofde, where the Pentecostal fire first fell in Sweden.

Here I preached twice in the same evening, first at the Salvation Army Hall, and afterwards in the Pentecostal Hall. We then went to Kinne Kulle for over Sunday. I preached at the Station in the morning and at "Haggarden" afternoon and evening. We had a blessed time. Monday we went to Karlstad. Here I thought perhaps I would find a place for my family. Bro. Johnson had already engaged rooms there for his family for the winter.

At Karlstad I preached every night for five nights, and twice on Sunday, at the Baptist Church. The Pastor had received the baptism. But we had a hard fight. The people opposed the message. The Lord soon showed me He did not want us to move there. The devil tried to get me to run around looking for a house, but I could not do it. The Lord kept saying to me, "Seek first the kingdom of God." I applied myself more earnestly to prayer, and finally prayed through on the matter. I had been very much burdened with the affair. The burden left me and I felt God would undertake.

I committed the matter to Him for His will to be done. I wanted Him to find the right place for us, and I believed that He would. Bro. Johnson got desperate. He was sure I ought to look for a place. Of course he naturally wanted me to live in the same town with him, and have my family near his family. Finally he could wait no longer, so he went to the nearest newspaper office and put in an Ad. for rooms for us. But before he had time to get an answer God showed me we must leave town, and we did so. Johnson afterwards found the Lord did not want him in Karlstad either. He finally moved from Gothenberg to Orebro, where we later located.

We went from Karlstad direct to Orebro, where the Conference was to be held. Before we reached the Conference we met a Sister on the street. She took us to a home where she thought we could stay during the Conference. But the people were out of the city. She then took us to another home, owned by a saint. Here we found a vacant room for rent. We also discovered in a few moments that the Sister who owned the house had two rooms and a kitchen for rent, from Oct. 1, on the same floor in the same house. This was exactly what I was looking for. I felt at once that this was the place God wanted us.

In a day or two we got in touch with the owner, who lived in the country, but we found the rooms had been spoken for. Still I felt God wanted me to have them. I committed the matter to the Lord and did not look further. In fact I had no liberty to look further in the matter. I felt if the Lord wanted the rooms for us He would get them. The party who had spoken for them had not yet rented them definitely. They were expecting her to the Conference. I felt to make these rooms a test case as to whether God wanted us to move to Sweden.

I attended the Conference, preaching one night with much help from the Lord. Pastor Bjork interpreted for me. He was Pastor of a Baptist Church in Stockholm but had the baptism. I met him there, before. I had a deep spirit of intercession during the Conference, so did not attend all the meetings. Monday morn-

ing came, one week from the time we had arrived in Orebro, and yet no decision about the rooms. The landlady was afraid if she rented them to me for only six months she would have them vacant the rest of the year. God had shown me we would only be in Sweden six months. They only rent in October in Sweden, once a year. If the first party took them it would be for one year.

Finally I told the landlady that if she could rent the rooms to the other party for one year she should go ahead and do so. I could only rent them for six months. But I added that if God wanted me to have the rooms I did not believe she could rent them to anybody else. I would leave the matter with God. I decided to make the rooms a test case, though I wanted them awfully bad. Then the Lord Himself spoke to the Sister and told her that she should let me have the rooms for six months, until April 1. Praise God! It was all done without my using a bit of influence or begging for them. I had committed the matter to the Lord for His will to be done. At the last moment she had discovered that the other party had made other arrangements, and did not want the rooms at all. So she was satisfied it was God's will for me to have them.

But the rooms were unfurnished. It became now a question of where we were to get the furniture from. I again wet the sacrifice, and waited for God to answer by fire. He did not fail me. Without my turning a hand Pastor Ongman's wife, who had engaged the first party to cook, for the Bible School, thus depriving the Sister of a renter for her rooms, felt it her duty to help her to get a tenant in place of the prospective one she had carried off from her. So she offered voluntarily to collect some furniture for us to keep house with. Again it had paid to wait for the Lord.

God had sidetracked the first renter, and through the same force of circumstances furnished the rooms for us. I closed the contract, and Johnson and I left again for Gothenberg. Bro. Johnson did not have his fare back to his home. We said good-bye to Pastor Ongman before leaving, and he left ten Krone in my hand. I had told the Lord that if He would give me both our

fares back to Gothenberg I would make up what Johnson lacked on his fare. The ten Krone just covered my fare and Johnson's deficiency.

On my way home I had another token of God's care for me. I was very tired, having lost much sleep, but I planned to take a train at 1 A. M., from Gothenberg, and travel all night, in order to catch the boat at Copenhagen for Lubeck. The brother I stopped with in Gothenberg failed to set his alarm clock right, although he assured me it would not fail to go off, so we overslept. I had to wait until morning. But I got a good night's rest, which I needed very badly. It turned out the Lord had purposely overruled in the matter of the clock, for I took another train the next forenoon, and went from Copenhagen by train to Korsor, instead of sailing from Copenhagen, and found a boat there making quick connections with Kiel. I got to Hamburg earlier than I would have done with the night train from Gothenberg, which I had missed. I did not know of this boat connection until I reached Copenhagen. It was a wonderful token to me of God's watch care over me. I reached home at Weener tired, but happy. Had been gone just one month. I came out just even on my expenses. And while I was away the Lord had sent us $30.00 from America in the bargain.

Father Voget, whom the family were staying with, had told me before I left for Sweden that he felt he could not keep us later than Oct. 1. He wanted to shut the house up and visit among his children for a time. But the Lord was not yet quite ready for us in Sweden. I could not pray through clearly for us to leave Germany at that date, although I had been obliged to rent rooms in Orebro from Oct. 1. I had paid a deposit on the contract. After praying much I felt I was to take a trip to Switzerland first to attend two conferences there. Father Voget had now decided that he would not close his house, and that we could stay until Nov. 1. So all was clear. It was now the latter part of September.

After returning from Sweden the Lord led me to take a trip to Berlin, with Pastor Voget. I preached at Steglitz one night. The next night I preached in

Berlin, at a Mission conducted by Bros. Schilling, Ecke, and Gensigen. The Lord wonderfully blessed me. I had a good look around Berlin. Visited the Kaiser's Church, where he frequently took the pulpit and preached. I also visited the Mausoleum of the kings in Charlottenburg. I took a side trip to Wittenburg, one hour's ride from Berlin. Here I visited the house where Martin Luther lived and taught. I saw his old desk, books, furniture, etc. Here he taught the students of the Reformation. From here he shook the Pope on his throne at Rome. And from here he opposed Tetzel, the "Indulgence" monger. Here he nailed up the "Theses" on the church door, and burned publicly the "Pope's Bull." There is a new church now, on the same spot, with some of the old pillars. Bronze "Theses" are to be seen on the new church door, where the old one stood.

Here I also visited Melancthon's house, where he lived and died. I saw the original handwriting of both Melancthon and Luther. Melancthon's study chair and table are still there. I stood by both Luther's and Melancthon's graves, in the old Schloss Church. Their monuments both stand in the public square. Here is where the first preaching of the Reformation began, in a tumble down building in the middle of the public square. Historians tell us as follows: "In the middle of the square at Wittenburg stood an ancient wooden chapel, 30 feet long and 20 feet wide, whose walls propped up on all sides were falling into ruin. An old pulpit made of planks, and three feet high, received the preacher. It was in this wretched place that the preaching of the Reformation began." I returned to Berlin, and home again, by way of Hannover. It seemed like hallowed ground to have walked over the same old scenes the Reformers had waged their battles over.

I spoke at a little Conference at Bunde after returning, and later preached a second time at a regular meeting. Pastor Voget and myself then started south for the Conferences in Switzerland. We had a very profitable time. We went south by way of Cologne. stopping at Bonn for a few hours, to visit friends.

From there we ran on to the old historic town of Worms, where we stopped over night. Next morning we looked around the city for two hours, before taking train for Basle. We saw the site of the old building where the Diet of Worms was held. This was very hard on the Pope's stomach. In the Museum were many of the old relics of the Reformation. Parts of the old city walls were still standing.

We saw some of the old original letters of Luther and Melancthon, and a goodly collection of the original first Tracts that Luther had published against the Papacy. A large Monument stands in the public square, with the figure of Luther most prominent, among other Reformers. The Luther Denkmal is a magnificent work of art. Here this giant of the Reformation made his memorable stand against the great ones of earth, both civil and religious. "Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen!" (Here I stand, I can do no other. God help me. Amen!). This was one of the greatest stands for truth that mortal man has ever made. South of here we passed through Spires, where the Reformers were first called Protestants. At Basle we stopped an hour between trains, to visit the Pentecostal leader there.

We ran on and reached Zurich, Switzerland, in time for the night service. Here I had stopped in 1910, on my way around the world. I had a good look around the old parts of the city. Saw the house where Zwingli lived during the Reformation, and from whence he rode on his ill-fated adventure to the field of Cappell, where he was slain. "If any man shall kill with the sword, with the sword must he be killed. Here is the patience and the faith of the saints."—Rev. 13:10.

Brother Barrat from Norway was the chief speaker at this Conference. We had a very blessed time. My ministry here was mostly in prayer, and in individual work. We next went to St. Gallen, to another Conference. This was an important place during the Reformation. It contains a very old Cathedral and Convent, which I visited. I met Bro. Arthur Booth-Clibborn here, who had interpreted for me in

Germany in 1910. We had a very profitable time in St. Gallen.

I started home alone, by way of the historical city of Constance, on Lake Constance. Here I stopped two hours. I saw the old Council Hall, where the Princes used to meet, and where John Huss was tried and condemned by the Pope's agents to be burned. The old tower is still standing that Huss was imprisoned in. I visited the site where his ashes are buried, marked by an appropriate stone. Next I crossed the lake to Friedrichshaven, passed through Ulm, getting a sight of the tallest church steeple in the world, and reached Wurzburg, Bavaria, after dark. Here I had four hours to wait between trains, but it was too foggy from the river to see very much of the old town. There is a very interesting old Castle and Cathedral there. I started on for Eisenach in the night, reaching there about 7:30 a. m. Here I stopped four hours.

I saw the house of Conrad Cotta, outside of which Luther as a youthful student sang in the streets for his bread. Ursula Cotta took him in to live with them. They have a fine large monument to the memory of Luther in this town. But most important of all I climbed the mountain and visited the Wartburg Castle, which was plainly visible from the front of the railway station. It is about a half hour's climb on foot from the town. I felt I was treading sacred soil as I climbed this mountain. The Wartburg is a grand old Castle. From its lofty height all the country round about is spread out in panorama. It has a wonderful point of vantage. The scene is magnificent, over the Thuringian forest.

This was truly an Isle of Patmos for heavenly visions. But Luther had awful conflicts with the devil also. This old castle witnessed some of Luther's most violent struggles. His great heart came near breaking here. Here it was that the New Testament was given to the German nation, in the language of the people. I stood in the room where Luther translated it, from the original. The guide showed us the supposed spot where the ink bottle struck that Luther hurled at the devil when tormented by him. The devil was very

real to Luther.Here was the very furniture that the man of God used in his strange captivity. The old bed he slept in was still there, with desk, stool, and other articles of furniture as he had left them. There was an original letter, in his own handwriting.

The Wartburg is certainly a rocky fastness. It is one of the best Castles in Germany from standpoint of preservation and location. It would not have been at all easy to obtain unfriendly access to it. "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." Truly! This inscription of Luther's old Hymn is found on the old church at Eisenach. I was sorry to tear myself away from these sacred scenes. I took the train again, reaching Weener, home, at midnight. While I was gone a sister gave my wife $25.00.

We were now obliged to leave Germany for the north. Had been located in Germany just four months. It had not cost my family one cent for food all of this time. Father Voget had provided everything. He was a man of some means at that time. I appreciated greatly the unusual kindness of this man whom God had used to befriend us in the furtherance of the work of the Lord in Germany.

DENMARK, SWEDEN, FINLAND, RUSSIA

We left Weener Oct. 30. The saints in Bunde gave us $12.00. It cost us just $37.50 from Weener to Orebro, Sweden. We first went to Lubeck, to take a boat from that place. Our trunks had to be sent as excess, as very little baggage is allowed with your tickets in Europe. We had hoped to sail that evening, but our trunks did not get through in time for the boat. So we stopped in a hotel over night. But in this way we had a good night's rest. I had felt on the way to Lubeck that our trunks were not going to reach us in time, though I had taken special pains to give directions so that they might get through.

After I had had a look at the boat we were supposed to sail on I felt very doubtful whether that was the Lord's choice for us. It was somewhat of a disappointment for us not to be able to get right on however. The trunks came later in the evening, after the boat had sailed, and I confess I was not sorry, although I was afraid we would have to remain in Lubeck several days waiting for another boat. But to our joy we found another boat, a good one, sailing the very next evening. Then we understood why the trunks were late. God had held them back for this. The boat we would have sailed on had they arrived in time was very dirty, and not really safe for women and children to sail on. The boat we took the next evening I found was the very one I had gone north on myself before. So we thanked God for thus frustrating our own plans and substituting His own in their place. How wonderfully the Lord orders when He has His way!

I also had time to look over the interesting old city of Lubeck before we sailed. The next evening we took the boat and had a beautiful smooth voyage. Reached Copenhagen early in the morning, where we made close connections, by boat again, for Malmo. Just had time to cross the city in a cab with our baggage before our boat sailed for Malmo, Sweden. In fact we only had ten minutes to spare before the sailing. I had half an hour to look around Malmo.

We left Malmo for Orebro at 3 p. m., arriving at Mjolby Junction a little after midnight. Here we had to wait until morning for the next train. We got cots in the station where they provided for night passengers, and laid down to rest until 4 a. m. We then took the train for Orebro, arriving there at 8 a. m., Sunday morning. Bro. Johnson and our landlady, Sister Lindgren, met us at the station. We were soon in our own rooms, in our own little home again. We caught a boy at the Station a little later, with a milk wagon, and hired him to haul our trunks to the house for 20 cents. And so the Lord wonderfully undertook for us all around. Praise His great name!

The Lord had shown me before we moved to Sweden a circle north, and back to Germany again. Then I had been clearly shown at Orebro that we were only to be in Sweden until April 1. That date was given me to move on to Finland. I saw three months in Finland and then back to Germany. All through this winter I could see our way clear as far as September. After that everything was blank. I could get nothing further from God. This was the winter of 1913. We had thought to go on to the Balkans after that, but I felt all the time that there was something ahead the Lord was withholding from me. He also impressed me with the seriousness of being entrusted by Him as an ambassador in foreign lands. I felt I must be faithful. Little did I realize then that He was going to give me a ministry intended to precede and prepare the saints of those countries for the greatest trial and calamity the world had ever experienced. But so it proved. The World War broke out August 1, of the next year, just after we had arrived back in Germany. In September we had started back for America, our work done in Europe (at least for that time). Then I understood the blank I had seen in the Spirit after September.

The first thing I did after our arrival in Orebro was to report the fact to the police. This was required of all new-comers in the country. A few days later I took part in a Conference in a Baptist Church in Orebro. Preached there three times during the con-

ference. The weather was rainy and disagreeable. In fact it rained most of the time during November. The days were getting very short. I had a good time speaking to the students at the Bible School.

I left Orebro for Finland Nov. 18, a trip I had looked forward to for months. Had expected to visit Finland on my trip to the Orebro Conference in September, but when I found we were to move to Sweden I had decided to put it off until I had located my family in Orebro. I first went to Stockholm, where I was met by Pastor Bjork at the station, stopping at Brother Engzell's over night. The next day Pastor Bjork went with me to the Russian Consul's, where I got my passport visaed. I took supper with Pastor Lewi Petrus. Sailed on the boat that evening for Abo. We had a rough time. God kept me from sea-sickness, but it was a struggle. The boat bobbed up and down like a cork. I was cooped up in the bow of the boat, without ventilation. It was awfully hot. I had a big Russian in the cabin with me, from Petrograd. This was my first introduction to the Russians. He stunk something awful. It was impossible to sleep. Then the man above me began to vomit. I got through the night somehow, by the help of the Lord. Next morning I went on deck at daylight and the sight was beautiful. It was clear and cold. The fresh air seemed almost like a breeze from heaven after the hot, stinking night below. We were passing through the Channel with bright green pine covered islands on every side. We soon arrived at Abo.

After examining my passport it was returned to me and I was allowed to land. Brother Putula, a returned missionary (Finnish), from China, met me. He spoke English. He took me to Brother Gauffin's. Edith Gauffin ,the daughter, had learned English in England. She was to be my interpreter. I found Abo an interesting old city. It had been the ancient Capital of western Finland. The old Castle still stands, since 1100, A. D. There is a most interesting Museum in it. Two thousand Russian soldiers were stationed at Abo at that time. On the corners the streets were marked in three languages, Finnish, Russian and Swedish.

I found Finland a really beautiful country of lakes and forests. There were three and one half million population. The people were very hardy. They lived natural, bathed often, and married young. We had one of the largest halls in Abo for our Sunday meeting, but could only get it for one service. The rest of the time we had to pack into the little local Pentecostal hall. The people were packed like sardines in a box. It was fearfully hot from the animal heat. They would stand for three or four hours, for lack of sitting room, scarcely shifting their weight from one foot to the other, to listen to the full Gospel. I would come out of these meetings my clothing wet with perspiration and it was cold and very damp outside. The air in the meetings was vile. We had very little ventilation. I prayed for a great many sick people, and had two interpreters who took turns at the job when I preached. I wore them both out. They interpreted me into Finnish.

A number of sick were healed. Some were saved and revived. In fact the Spirit wrought deeply with many. When I came to leave, the people begged me to come again. We could not get them to go home at nights until we left the building. They were so hungry for the Gospel they would have stayed with us until morning. Finland was largely controlled by the Lutheran Church, and it was as dead as a door nail. Abo was the Bishop's seat. Our day meetings sometimes lasted for four hours. They gave me 100 Finn Marks when I left ($20.00). This was a very good offering for such a little company, of very poor people.

I next went to Tammerfors. This is called the Manchester of Finland. Here we had our night meetings in a theatre. A Finnish brother who knew English interpreted for me. The meetings were well attended and we had good interest. God greatly helped me in the messages. Brother Winai was a ready interpreter and a good fellow. We held our day meetings in the little Pentecostal hall. A number were healed. Several were saved and baptized with the Spirit. The saints were greatly quickened and encouraged. I had rather a lonesome time here. Nearly

every one spoke Finnish. They did not understand even Swedish. They gave me fifty Finn Marks ($10.00).

From here I went to Helsingfors, the present Capital of Finland. It is a very large city. The leader, Brother Gerhardt Smidt, met me at the station with a band of fifty Pentecostal saints. They were singing, "The power, the power, the Pentecostal power," in Swedish, as the train rolled into the station. I joined in in English and they recognized their man. I had never met Brother Smidt before. Helsingfors had a population of 150,000. There were many thousands of Russian soldiers stationed here also and a strong Russian Navy. The Finns at that time were not allowed to join the Army or Navy. Russia would not trust them.

I was entertained at the home of one of the saints who knew German, and having learned a little German by this time I could make myself understood. At Tammerfors they had spoken only Finnish. To my tired nerves, not being able to understand a word, it sounded like a wagon jolting over stones. I was treated very kindly in Helsingfors. We held our meetings in five of the largest public halls in the city, rented for that purpose, for the occasion. Two of our meetings were held in the Society Hall, where all the swell functions were wont to be held. The place was crowded to the doors with people. Even the aisles were full. They would stand in the aisles for two hours, scarcely shifting their weight from one foot to the other. In Finland they do not have seats in the State Church nor in the Greek Catholic. The people stand during the services. They are not accustomed to a comfortable religion.

I was interpreted first into Swedish, then Finnish. Had to have two interpreters. The leader, Brother Smidt, had been some years in America and had learned English. He was a Norwegian, but could speak Swedish. There are many Swedes in Finland. In one of the meetings in Helsingfors I noticed a Russian high officer come in and take his seat in the rear, in company with a younger man, who immediately

produced a pencil and tablet and began to take notes of what I was saying. Just for a moment my blood seemed to stop circulating. I am not naturally a fighter. I went cold all over. I recognized that my words were being watched. If they could have "caught me in my words" they would have thrown me into prison.—(Luke 11:54).

It was against the Russian law to speak against the Greek Church or the Government. But God spoke to me and told me it was unnecessary for me to go further, to St. Petersburg itself, under the very nose of the Czar, and where the law (in old Russia) was much more stringent than in Finland, if I was going to get scared here. I was then on my way to St. Petersburg. It was a severe test for a moment, but the Lord gave victory, and also wisdom, and I went on with my message without fear. It proved a good experience for me in courage.

Our day meetings were held in Helsingfors in the local Pentecostal hall. They usually lasted about four hours. We prayed for hundreds. Many were healed, saved, and filled with the Spirit. The people were so hungry. There were many Russians in our meetings who could understand no other language. They usually sat by themselves and had their own interpreter with them, who interpreted quietly to them. They appreciated the messages hugely. I was generally wet with perspiration and completely exhausted when I got out of the day meetings. But it was wonderful work. The people were so receptive. We had snow on the ground at this time. Here in Helsingfors I saw Finnish women carrying the hod on new buildings being erected.

Brother Smidt had been very sick from overwork. There was such a scarcity of workers. He had heart trouble and had been waking up every morning with his mouth full of blood. One day while with him in my room the Spirit of God came suddenly upon me. I went and laid my hands on him under a mighty anointing. He cried out under the power and was healed instantly. The saints gave me a fine overcoat, costing $25.00, besides a gift of $40.00 in money.

We stopped next at Lahti, for two days. Had good meetings. A number were helped and blessed. It was a small place. Our next stop was at Wiborg on the border of old Russia. This had been the ancient Capital of eastern Finland. There was an ancient Castle and an old Museum there. Wiborg had seen many battles. The old Castle bore the marks of stormy times. We held our night meetings in the basement of the High School building. The day meetings were held in the little Pentecostal hall. These were very precious. Some were healed, a number saved and some baptized with the Spirit. God was with us in much power. I was translated first into Swedish, then Finnish. Many were under the power during these meetings. The people were very hungry for God and He did not disappoint them. The life of the poor people in Finland was a very hard one. Consequently their great hunger for God. He was their only consolation. They gave me forty Finn Marks ($8.00).

Brother Smidt had come on from Helsingfors to Wiborg and we now went on to St. Petersburg together. We left the train at the Finnish station. Here we were met by friends and conducted to a hotel. We were required to surrender our passports at once, which were taken to police headquarters and kept until we made application for them to return home again. This was Russia. Once in, you were fast until they were pleased to release you. We were at their mercy. And worst of all we had gone there deliberately to break their laws, for there was a law at that time in old Russia that no foreigner was allowed to preach the Gospel in the country.

We were questioned closely as to what our business was in the city. But we simply stated that we were there to see the city (which was a part of the truth, and all we naturally dared to divulge to them). We were obliged to be very guarded in our movements. If we were caught preaching it meant a Russian prison. We passed the political prison on the way to our hotel. It was a mean looking place, called St. Peter's and St. Paul's. I imagine it was almost as bad

as some that they had been incarcerated in in their time. A Russian prison is a foul affair. We had a hard battle at first in the meetings. But toward the last we broke through. There was much fear of the authorities on the people. And the power of the Greek Church was mighty.

We had to fear both the authorities and the Greek Church. In fact the Holy Synod practically made the laws and constituted the authority in Russia. I was first translated into Swedish, and then into Estlandish. Most of those who attended the services were Estlanders. We prayed for many. Some were healed and saved, and the saints were generally built up and encouraged. The police did not find us. Even their own subjects were not allowed by law to preach the Gospel to any other congregation but their own. This cut out evangelism altogether. We were in St. Petersburg four days and held five meetings. It was impossible to remain longer without being discovered and imprisoned. This would have also closed the Mission. So it seemed the part of wisdom not to stay too long.

I had a call to Narva and Reval also, but felt I could not leave the family alone in Sweden longer at that time. They were in a strange land, with no knowledge of the language. We looked around St. Petersburg quite a little in the daytime while there, as we could not hold meetings without being discovered. The houses are built in courts, with an iron gate in the front. There are generally a number of establishments in the enclosed square of various kinds. I visited the Czar's Winter Palace and a number of other Palaces. Went through the Czar's wonderful Picture Gallery. The large Jewish Bazaar was also very interesting. I visited a number of fine Greek Cathedrals. Bought a Russian fur cap for eleven roubles.

The saints though poor, were very kind to us. They paid our hotel bill, bought our tickets to Helsingfors and gave us $12.00 apiece besides. We got our Passports back all right, and after a night's run on the train were safe back in Helsingfors. The Lord had

gotten us in and out of old Russia safely, right under the Czar's nose. We had preached the Gospel in defiance of the laws of Holy Russia and of the Greek hierarchy. To God be all the glory!

I spent two days in Helsingfors, where we held two more meetings. We had a good attendance in large halls, rented for the occasion. The saints gave me 100 Finn Marks more. That made $60.00 in all, from Helsingfors, besides my new $25.00 overcoat. Praise the Lord! They saw me off at the depot with a strong representation, singing Pentecostal songs. We waked the old depot up for God. I went direct to Abo and sailed for Stockholm. My passport had to be shown to get out of Finland also. One could neither get in nor out of Russian territory without a passport. Finland was then still under the iron heel of Russia.

I reached Stockholm safely. Looked around the city for two hours, and then took the train for Orebro. Arriving home safely in the evening, the children met me at the depot. I had been gone five weeks.

The last year we had had an English Christmas. This year we had a Swedish one. I spent my forty-second birthday in St. Petersburg. The sun rose at 9 A. M. and set at 3 P. M. at this time in Sweden. I received a letter from Libby, Montana, with a five dollar bill in it. There was not a scratch of a pen to tell who it came from. Nothing but the bill in the letter. But God brought it through safely. He will reward the giver. That was true Scriptural giving. Received $12.00 from an old colored lady in New England, sixty-five years old. She had saved twenty-five cents a week from the money she got from selling eggs from her chickens. The money she sent me was her year's tithing from this income. What a reward such givers will receive from God! The "widow's mite." The thermometer stood at 18 degrees below zero at 10 A. M., Jan. 8.

I received a call to attend a Conference at Bremen, Germany, and left Orebro, Jan. 12. Stopped at Gothenberg over night. From there I ran on to Copenhagen, and took the train for Korsor. Went from there by boat to Kiel, and on to Bremen by train. Spent a few

hours in Hamburg on the way. I had a good look around Bremen before night. The next two days we had our Conference. Had a blessed time. I preached four or five times. Pastor Voget came from Bunde, Ostfriesland. The first day of the Conference a local brother asked me when we were coming to Bremen to live. I thought it strange for I had said nothing there about returning to Germany though I had been impressed that we would return in July.

The second day a brother and his wife told me they were expecting us to return to Bremen and live in their house with them. I had not said a word to them about coming back to Germany. Now I was satisfied of God's will in the matter of our returning. The Lord was speaking. "At the mouth of two or three witnesses." They gave me $30.00 at the Conference.

Pastor Voget and myself went to Hamburg and stopped over night. The next day we ran on to Elmshorn, where the second Conference was held. We had three meetings. I preached at two of them. We had a good time. They gave me $12.00. I went from there to Kiel, taking the boat for Korsor. From there I went by train to Copenhagen, and on to Gothenberg. Here we held some special meetings in the Pentecostal Mission. I preached every night and twice Sunday, for about a week. Bro. Malmcrona was the Pastor. We had a very profitable time. A Major from the Salvation Army interpreted for me. They gave me $15.00. I reached Orebro again safely and found the family well. Received $50.00 from Highway Mission, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

I preached at two different Baptist churches in Orebro, for Pastor Sathers and Pastor Ongman. God wonderfully helped me. A Sister gave us fifty Kroner ($13.00).

My next trip was to Stockholm, for a series of meetings. Reached there Feb. 9. I preached every night in the "Philadelphia" Assembly. Pastor Lewi Petrus was in charge. It was a large Pentecostal Church. We had a full attendance and God greatly blessed us. Every day at noon we held a prayer meeting. One day it was at "Philadelphia" Assembly, the next day at "Elim"

Church. The latter was a Baptist Church, where Pastor Bjork was in charge. He had received the Pentecostal baptism. This Church had a membership of 1200.

The Spirit ran very deep in these meetings. Sunday we had a wonderful day. The Church was crowded at "Philadelphia." It held 600 people. In the after-meetings frequently as many as 200 remained to seek the Lord. Many were healed, saved, and baptized with the Spirit. One night we could not close the meeting until 12:30 A. M. The second week the meetings were powerful. They were divided between the two Churches. The last night at "Elim" the meeting was wonderful. I had for my interpreter the same Salvation Army Major that I had had on my previous visit to Stockholm, Major Sjodin. The Spirit caught me up and for an hour I was like an electric wire, charged with the very dynamite of heaven. My interpreter was fine. God broke things all to pieces. We had a wonderful after-meeting. My interpreter was considered the best in Sweden. Arrangements were made for me to stop for two days when we should pass through for Finland, April 1. They gave me $40.00.

It was an exciting time while I was in Stockholm. Delegations were coming up from all over Sweden on behalf of Nationalism. War with Russia was feared. The Socialists were also marching the streets, many thousands strong, in protest against Nationalism. The King dismissed the Socialist minister and appointed a Nationalist in his stead. There was a move on to increase the army. In fact patriotism ran high.

God gave me several strong messages against the war spirit. Even the saints were in grave danger of being carried away with the wave of world patriotism and strife. I tried to dodge the issue, but the Lord kept the message on me, much against my own desire and will. I did not understand then what was brewing in Europe. But God knew the Great War that was soon to break out in fiendish violence. He wanted His people prepared, and kept free from the spirit of it. By keeping the war spirit down we were enabled to keep the blessing and anointing of God on the saints.

I understood it all later on. I was evidently there for that purpose.

We must be true to the God-given message, and "obey God rather than men." When the Lord sent me north He knew just what was coming. Many times I was tempted to think I must have missed the mark, as I was continually warning the people of great trial and tribulation that was to come upon them, though I did not know what. My whole ministry north seemed to be largely with that end in view. That is doubtless why the Lord gave me such a solemn feeling about my commission in this connection, when He first showed me the circle I was to take, before we had moved to Sweden. I remember prophesying of a great war when we passed through Amsterdam on the way to the Continent, from England. I pictured the whole thing out, telling them just what part little Holland would be destined to play in it. She was to stand between the wild beast forces, the nations, a haven of refuge. At that time I was tempted over this message also, and wondered what made me give it. I was afraid they would lose faith in me altogether. But when we came through enroute for home, after the World War had started, all that I had prophesied had come true.

One young man came into our noon meeting in Stockholm, heard one of my messages against Christians going to war, was convicted it was wrong to fight, and forthwith determined he would not even train for a soldier any longer. He wrote the king his convictions. He was imprisoned, but finally set free. Military training was compulsory. He was an earnest, Christian young man.

I returned to Orebro again, to my family. Preached twice for Pastor Sathers, at the Baptist Church. We were now ready to move to Finland. We left Orebro April 1, for Stockholm, where we stopped two days. I preached both nights, at "Philadelphia" Assembly, to large crowds. Major Sjodin interpreted for me again. God wonderfully helped and blessed. The next night we left on the boat for Abo, Finland, where we were to locate. We had a quiet voyage, landing safely in the morning.

Brother Gauffin, whom I had stopped with before, was a man of some means. He had a little two-roomed cottage furnished ready for us. And so we had our own little home again, in Finland, Fabriksgatan, 1, Abo.

I preached about fourteen times in all in the little Pentecostal hall at Abo, before starting out to travel again. We had some blessed meetings. The people were very hungry. They also came to the house during the day to be prayed for and instructed. The attendance was very good throughout. There was much interest. At times the hall was packed almost to suffocation. So many wanted hands laid on them for healing that many times I left the meeting wet through with perspiration, and completely exhausted. A number were healed, some saved, and some filled with the Spirit. The ventilation was very poor in the meetings. Finland is a land surrounded by water, and full of lakes. The beds are always damp when one crawls into them. I contracted much rheumatism and congestion from this. Suffered much from lumbago. Some of the time I had two Finnish interpreters. They would take turns. I wore them both out. A sister gave my wife $5.00. This work was very heavy, and very much needed in Abo. We were so glad to be on the real mission field. After this series of meetings the Assembly gave us 200 Finn Marks ($40.00). It was a great surprise. The people were very poor.

I next went to Helsingfors and Kuopio for meetings. Preached twice at Helsingfors, over Sunday, with much help from God. I laid hands on and prayed for about forty people. Went from here to Kuopio, in the far north. This point was only 200 miles south of the north Arctic circle. It was May 1, but the ice was still on the lakes. I stopped in the home of Pastor Pekka Brofeldt. Here they treated me very kindly. I had five meetings, besides Bible readings every day. The people listened to the messages very intently. Every day they were coming to be prayed for and instructed, and I had little time for rest except when in bed at night. I was suffering much from rheumatism myself, but laid hands on and prayed for about twenty-five

people. In nearly every case they realized more or less immediate relief. The people were very hungry for the Gospel. It was a rare treat for them. They were a very simple, humble people. Many were greatly quickened by the Spirit. They gave me 100 Finn Marks ($20.00), besides my expenses. I returned to Abo again.

I spoke twice in the mission at Abo, and prayed for a number of sick. Several were healed. I then started again for Helsingfors. Left Abo May 13, and was gone for three weeks. I had five meetings in Helsingfors. The hall was packed. We had blessed results. But suddenly our Finnish interpreter who was to go with us to Wiborg, decided to go to Abo and visit his parents instead. He was homesick. I went to prayer. So determined was he to go to Abo at once that he had taken his grip to the station and checked it, on his ticket which he had already bought, thinking thus to make sure of going. He did not want to go with us. But while I was praying for victory, in another part of the city, God spoke to him and told him he must go with us. This was just a little before train time. The devil had tried to sidetrack our interpreter.

I had expected to return to my family in Abo again before going to St. Petersburg the second time, but God had arranged with Brother Smidt and myself to go at once. This required a battle on my part. I had to consecrate my little family anew. I might be thrown into prison in St. Petersburg. Then what of my family? They had no separate passport to get out of the country. But I got the victory over this also, and so we went to Wiborg.

Wiborg was on the border of old Russia. We had been there before. Here we held two meetings in what was known as the "Devil's Church." It was in fact the Liquor Dealers' Hall. But God blessed many souls there. We held one or two services in the little local Pentecostal mission also. At one of these the Russian people requested a service, and I spoke through three interpreters. I was first interpreted into Swedish, then Finnish, and finally Russian. The poor Russians waited patiently for the "water of life" to reach them,

and I had the assurance that the message went through very nearly 100 per cent pure. We soldered the joints of the pipe together with prayer, while they glued their mouths to the Russian end of it. We were in Wiborg four days. I received $25.00 in Helsingfors, and $10.00 in Wiborg.

We then went on to St. Petersburg. Stoppped in a hotel and sent in our passports to police headquarters, which was required of all new comers. We had to hide our real object again in visiting the city, as we had done on our former visit. They always ask that question of you. We reached St. Petersburg, May 23, 1914. Held eight meetings in all. Were there six days. God again got us in and out safely, which was a great victory under the circumstances. I have stated before that it was at that time against the law for any foreigner to come into old Russia and preach the Gospel. In Finland the Russian law was not quite so stringent.

We were going, knowingly, right into the lion's jaws. But God was sending us. We felt as safe as Daniel. The little Pentecostal hall was crowded with people. We were in the same Mission we had been in before. But this time much of our congregation were Russians. This made our work doubly dangerous. Some were still members of the Greek Church. The Greek Orthodox Church practically made all the laws of "Holy Russia" at that time, through the "Holy Synod." Everything was "holy" in Russia.

But God protected us and kept us hid from the knowledge of the Czar's agents, the police. I was translated into Russian this time. Many souls were blessed. Some were saved, and healed. The people fairly thronged us for prayer. When we gave the invitation at the end of the service practically the whole congregation passed to the front and knelt. We had to push them back, instead of seeking to drag them forward as in America. We hardly had room to move around among them.

Admission to the meetings was by ticket only. The leaders arranged this plan. They were afraid of spies. They had a brother stationed at the outer gate to the

court, and another outside the inner door. The meetings sometimes lasted four hours. The people came in two or three at a time, so as to avoid suspicion, and went out the same way after the meeting. The doors were fast, the windows all closed tight, with curtains drawn, to avoid possibility of discovery by the police. Our meetings were held only a few blocks from the Czar's Winter Palace, and almost within the shadow of the "Holy Synod" buildings, where the Greek church made all its intolerant, religious laws. One night they hurried us out of the back door into the alley. The iron gate at the street had suddenly been locked by the police, and the brethren thought they were after Brother Smidt and myself. But it turned out they were after some one in the hotel in the front. There were many buildings in the square court in which our mission room was located. The walls themselves were about four feet thick.

We had one remarkable case of real miracle working power in the meetings. A woman, a member of the Greek Church, had been brought by relatives to us to be delivered. She had been demon possessed for seven years. She herself wanted to be delivered. For some time she had been so prostrated by this evil power that she was bedridden. We challenged the demon, and commanded him to come out in the name of Jesus. But he withstood us, and we had a battle royal. It lasted nearly half an hour. The demon finally yielded ground and left her. She was almost torn to pieces inwardly under the agony of the struggle. But in obedience to our instruction she finally uttered a prayer we gave her, pleading the blood and the name of Jesus, and after a violent retching and spuming at the mouth her face lighted up. Victory had come. She was at peace. Salvation came to her soul as the demon left her body. She was so happy she could not find words to express it. I heard from her a month later, before we left Finland, and she still had the victory. She was saved, healed and happy.

While we were in the city they were holding special service at a Greek Cathedral just across the street from us in honor of their patron saint. If they had

known where we were and what we were doing they would have arrested us. But God kept us hid. I looked around town considerable, visited the Czar's Museum, Peter and Paul's prison (the political prison), and the new Mohammedan Mosque. This last was one of the most beautiful buildings in St. Petersburg. It was adorned with mosaic and built to hold thousands of worshipers. The Moslems in St. Petersburg were chiefly Tartars. They had tolerance for their Moslem subjects, but none for the Evangelical Gospel.

I visited also a number of Greek Cathedrals. Attended a service where the Czar was in the habit of worshiping, in the Kazan. They had a male choir of wonderful singers here. I also visited a beautiful Cathedral built over the site where one of the Czars was assassinated with a bomb. Saw the Douma, and many other interesting buildings. We were driven across the city at one time by a coachman who was so drunk that he forgot where to take us and drove up at the wrong destination. The moment he stopped he was so sound asleep that we could not even wake him to find out where we were. So we left him asleep there. The wind blowing in his face while the cab was in motion evidently had kept him awake. How we ever managed to cross the crowded streets without all being killed was a miracle.

My passport expired May 26, while in St. Petersburg, and I went to the American Consul to have it renewed just before leaving the city. It put me in a delicate position, but God helped me through with it. We returned to Helsingfors, where we held four more meetings. They gave me $20.00.

I reached home again safely, at Abo. Preached four times more in the little mission at Abo. They gave me 60 Finn Marks ($12.00). I prayed for a number of sick people, but was about sick myself. The Lord blessed the needy ones. Their faith was rewarded. I was having a great fight in my body with catarrh, neuralgia of the stomach, and rheumatism. The latitude was about the same here as in the Klondike, Iceland or Central Siberia. Finland is also a country of lakes. The air is very damp there.

I left Abo for Lahti with the family, June 17, 1914, for a two weeks' Bible conference. Preached ten times during the session there. There were leaders there from all over Finland, Russia and Sweden. We had about 400 delegates in all. Many of these dear people slept on the bare floor, with only a blanket. Meals were on the free-will offering plan. All expenses were met in this way, and there was some to spare. The people gave very liberally from their poverty. God honored the stand of faith. It was Scriptural order.

The Lord now made it clear to us that His time had come for us to leave Finland. We had been there three months. That was the time He had shown me before we left Sweden. We were to return to Bremen, Germany, July 1. All things worked out exactly according to God's plan. They gave us $50.00 at the Conference. A delegation of about 150 saints saw us off at the train for Helsingfors. We left just before the Conference closed.

We were at Lahti the longest day of the year, June 21. The weather is very hot in the short summer in Finland. The sun set at 9:30 p. m. and rose at 2:30 a. m. It did not get dark at all. I found it difficult to sleep. We could read all night without a light, though we were not far enough north to see the sun at midnight. We had had a wonderful time at Lahti. I was sorry to leave the dear, simple Finnish people but I was full of rheumatism and congestion and needed a change from the cold, damp north very much. We would now be going toward the sun, and my whole system cried out for the warmth of its rays.

We stopped at Helsingfors over one night and the next day took the train for Hango, Finland. where we embarked on the boat "Nordstjernan," for Lubeck, Germany. The harbor of Hango was blown up one month after by the Russians, after war had been declared, through fear of the Germans landing there. After a beautiful, smooth voyage, almost the length of the Baltic, with two nights and a day's travel, we landed at Lubeck July 3, 1914. Went on to Bremen the same evening. The Pentecostal saints there had prepared a home for us.

I spoke several times in the little Pentecostal mission in Bremen. They had a Conference there July 17. Pastor Voget from Bunde, Pastor Paul from Berlin, and Pastor Weiss from Hamburg were there. I spoke six times during the three days of Conference. The Lord helped me greatly. I had the spirit of prophecy on me in one of the messages surely. I remember telling them that the Germans were the iron that was left out of the old Roman Empire, but that they would have to be broken and put through the fire before God could use them as He wanted to. They were too strong in themselves. Little did I realize that in two short weeks that very thing would come to pass and that they would be plunged into the terrible World War, with practically the whole world against them. But it so proved. They gave me $10.00 at the Conference. I received a letter from Brother Polhill of London. He sent me five pounds ($25.00).

I spoke four times more at the little mission at Bremen. Was just beginning to preach without an interpreter. The last week in July war began to threaten Europe. Saturday, August 1, it was finally declared. I had an appointment to go to Bunde on that date, near the Holland border, where Pastor Voget was located, to attend a one day Conference. I started early on the morning of August 1, not realizing what the situation really was or what war meant. Everything seemed so orderly in Bremen. I saw no excitement. But before I got to Bunde I began to realize.

It took me seven hours to make the journey that ordinarily should not require more than two or three hours. When we reached Leer Junction we had to change cars. Here we had to wait a long time. All was excitement. The platform was patrolled by police, looking for spies. They were catching them and giving them short shrift. I began to feel a little concerned. Finally a policeman approached me and

opened conversation. But the Lord had it all arranged. He had been in Bunde the year before and had seen me there with Pastor Voget. So he recognized me. Finally our train pulled out for Bunde. Troop trains were running every few minutes for the front. All the doors and windows were fastened and guarded on our train to keep bombs from being thrown from within to blow up the bridges and stop the troop trains.

The air was by this time full of excitement. I remember the first words I uttered upon reaching Leer Junction and seeing the people excitedly waiting for their train to the Holland border were: "The whole of Europe has gone crazy." And so it proved. The people were frantic to get out of Germany over the Holland border.

We finally reached little Bunde only three miles from Holland. This was as far as the trains were running. Connection had been broken with Holland, although Holland was not in the war. But she must remain neutral. The border was naturally closed. Germany was shut in from all sides. I quickly discovered that I could not hope to return to my family for some time. All trains going the other way were reserved for the troops. I was up against it.

August 4, England declared war. Now they looked for the French and British navy to break in on them from the North Sea. This would have brought the contending armies into conflict right between my family and myself. Bunde lies only a few miles from the North Sea. I would be driven south, my family toward Russia. It was an anxious time for me. Now I began to realize what war meant. All the young men were leaving Bunde, from the neighborhood around Ostfriesland. They were the first troops to be sent to the French border. Those were harrowing times. All work was at a standstill. The harvest was left standing in the fields. No one had any heart to work. For a week or more, until the troops were moved, no work was done. The whole village lived at the railway station, watching the trains pull out that carried their loved ones to death and destruction. Pastor

Voget and myself held meetings alone in the little Pentecostal hall as a regular Conference was out of the question. We preached to the men, who came to the meetings for the last time. Many came who would not come before. They were about to face death and their hearts were sober. I am satisfied more than one found Christ just in time. In a few days some of them were in eternity.

Some of the men, away from home when the call to arms came, had only time to report at the military headquarters; and were sent to the front and killed without ever getting home or seeing their loved ones again. How necessary to be prepared to meet God in such cases! In Europe every man knew just what he was expected to do in case of war. He knew just what class he belonged to, where to report and when. They were kept ready for war. How few are really ready for the service of Christ. I lay awake nights the first few days of the war, listening to the horses hoofs over the rough cobble stone paving in the streets as they brought them from the country to the trains to be shipped to the front also. Every horse was registered and accounted for, in readiness for war, in Europe. Every freight car was marked just how many horses and how many men it would hold. The whole creation (every creature) was subjected unto vanity and must suffer for man's sin. No wonder the whole creation groans to be relieved from this burden. —Rom. 8.

But I had a wonderful experience also at this time. I had to have assurance from God for the safety of my family in Bremen. God spoke to me one night as I lay awake. He laid His hand on my heart and assured me that just as surely as He was the sovereign author of the Pentecostal outpouring in Los Angeles in 1906, as a result of which I was in Europe at this time, just so surely He had sovereign control of this war situation and that nothing could happen without His express permission. I went to sleep then. I knew I could trust Him. I had no more anxiety.

In a few days I was allowed to return to Bremen to my family. I got through without being questioned

and reported to the police at once. This was required in order that they might keep track of us. We were required to report frequently. The journey homeward was a slow one. There were many delays and the trains which still carried some soldiers, went carefully over the bridges.

I got a wonderful lesson in "all things in common" on this trip. The whole nation was in distress. They came together as one man. At every station the country people along the way tried to outdo each other in kindness to the soldiers. They brought pails of milk, sandwiches of every description, boiled eggs, in fact everything edible to feed the soldiers, until they could eat no more. And there was not a cent to pay for anything. They would have been insulted if offered pay. It was a wonderful demonstration. I wept as I looked upon it. I could have had all I wanted to eat and drink free, but I had not the heart to partake of it. For what had I done to merit it? I felt unworthy. I was making no sacrifice. But I came to the firm conclusion that a nation like that cannot be destroyed.

The Kaiser had a medal struck during the early days of the war. On one side it read: "Ich kenne keine partein mehr; ich kenne nur Deutsche." (I know no party more; I know only Germans.) On the other side it read: "Der Kaiser rief, und alle, alle kamen." (The King called, and they all came.) Would to God that the servants of Christ had as much sense and that they would respond as readily when He calls.

I told my wife after the war began that we naturally need not expect much help now from the saints in the mission. They would have hard enough job to feed themselves. Business was ruined. Heads of houses had to go to war. One precious brother was sent to the front, leaving his wife and three small weeping children. But the last thing he did before going was to pay another month's rent for us, largely out of his own pocket. He was the leader of the mission. We prayed earnestly for this brother all through the war, and although he was at the front practically during the whole war, he came through without being

wounded once. I do not think he took part in the active fighting. I felt very sorry to see him in the war at all.

The national conscience in Europe is much stronger than in America. They have not had as much light in these matters. It meant death for them to refuse to go. The poor saints were if any thing more liberal toward us after the war broke out than before. They seemed willing to share the last loaf with us. I could not help contrasting their supreme sacrifice and unselfishness with the greed of some other professors I have known in other countries.

There were strange sights in the sky one night in Bremen during August. Strange curling clouds, more like pillars of smoke, seemed to roll together in grotesque forms. They looked more like ghastly chariots, or aeroplanes. Even the guards on duty mistook them for enemy aeroplanes, and began to shoot at them. In fact they kept up a desultory shooting at these strange objects all over the city the greater part of the night. There was much excitement. I learned later that the same strange objects had appeared over some parts of Holland, though at a little later date. We had just come out of the little Pentecostal mission and found the people shooting into the sky and a great crowd collected. It began at 10 p. m.

Money had been coming in in an unusual way for some time previous to the beginning of the war. I had remarked at the fact to my wife and thought perhaps the Lord was preparing us for our proposed trip to the Balkans. We had left Finland with $300.00. This was more money than I had ever had at any one time before in my life. Six months before this we had really gotten down to a very few dollars. It became evident soon that He had prepared us instead to return to America. The Balkans were now in flames. None but a madman would have attempted to go there after war began, if indeed he were able to reach there.

The American Ambassador at Bremen had warned all American citizens to be prepared to leave Europe. We did not want to leave Europe, especially to return

to America. A wonderful field of service had been opened up to us. We wished to remain. But God's will must be done. I spent much time in earnest prayer for the will of God and determined I would not move until I knew He wished us to, even if it shut us up in the war zone. The Ambassador naturally would not tell me what attitude he expected America to take in the matter. But I suspicioned even at that early day, that he expected that the United States would come in ultimately, against Germany. We were treated fine by the Germans. We could not have been treated with greater consideration by the authorities and were perfectly safe among them.

I spoke possibly a dozen times more in the little mission, while waiting for the Lord to make clear His will for us. We were all very loth to leave. But by September 1, we began to feel that our time was short in Germany. My work appeared to be drawing to a close in Bremen. The Lord was preparing to shift us again. This I felt in my spirit. We were not sure about leaving Europe altogether yet.

September 9 was my last time at the little mission in Bremen. The next day we said good-bye and went to Weener, where we had stopped with Pastor Voget's father when we first moved to Germany. My next plan was to go to Amsterdam and see if we could get a boat to America. If so I would take it that God wanted us to return there. It was a question whether passage could be gotten. Thousands were trying to get out of Europe to America. But if God wanted us there He would open the way. The American Consul had been urging us to get out of Germany. In fact he declared he could not promise us protection if we remained. So I stayed as long as I safely could with my little family. I had no right to unnecessarily risk their safety. We trusted God to keep us in His will.

And now I began to understand fully why all had been a blank to me in the Spirit after September, in God's previous dealing with me. I had felt there was something He was keeping from me. It was the War, and our return to America. Pastor Voget and I went

across the Holland border to Nieuwe Schans. We both carried military passes. We had to pass both the German and Holland guards to get across. I went on from there to Amsterdam to see about a boat. Was not able to make any arrangements as I found the boats from Rotterdam were all crowded for the next six weeks to come. But the Lord did show me clearly that I was to bring my family to Amsterdam. So much was plain. I preached twice Sunday at the Pentecostal Hall at Amsterdam with much blessing.

I returned to Weener, across the Holland border again to my family. But I had a remarkable experience on this trip home. I felt a strong impression Monday morning that I must hurry to Cook's office to see about my train back to the Holland border. So I hurried Brother Polman off with me enroute for the depot. He stopped in a store near Cook's office while I went in. I found a train was leaving in just eight minutes, which was the last one I could get home on that night. Brother Polman was not in sight. We were four blocks from the depot.

I prayed and soon saw him coming leisurely down the street. Calling to him I hurried him to the street car and I just reached the railway station platform in time to jump on my train, which was already moving out of the depot. It took quick work. I had not a moment to spare. I did not like the idea of rushing so, but I understood later why I had to take that train. I could not have crossed the border that night from any other one. All trains had stopped running over the border after war was declared, and we had to cross afoot or with carriage, a distance of six miles from Nieuwe Schans to Bunde.

When we reached Nieuwe Schans, Holland, it was dark with a storm blowing, very dark and wild and rainy. I had to cross the border and two sets of guards. It was not a pleasant prospect. I did not know how I would get home. There were no carriages crossing the border except private ones. Public conveyances only went as far as the border. As I came out from the depot I saw a closed carriage standing by the curb. I felt that was the cab for me to take.

But upon asking the driver if he could take me as far as the border, he replied, no. The carriage was a private one. So I went to another, rougher looking, that was going to the border and tried to climb into it. Some unseen power seemed to pull me back. I did not feel right about it. I went back to the first carriage again, though there was plenty of room in the one I had just left.

Again I asked to be admitted to the carriage, but was again refused with the same explanation. It was a private carriage. I returned and tried again to climb into the other carriage, but again I felt a strong influence pulling me backward. Thoroughly convinced that God wanted me in the first carriage I approached it for the third time. I knew nothing of the purpose of the driver, but had supposed it was going to the border only, like the others. When I reached it this time two women were seated in it and a third one, whom I saw was in charge of the carriage, was standing by it holding the door open. She was a perfect stranger to me, but as I approached she politely asked me to get in, just as though I had been expected, and without a word of inquiry. I wondered much at this but climbed in without asking any questions. I felt God was leading. It seemed more like a dream. I had no idea where the carriage was going to. The lady climbed in beside me and closed the door.

Still wondering how I would get home from the border, or if my carriage were indeed going to the border, we rode on. We finally reached the Holland guard and there I discovered that my military pass was no good going the other way. It was good for one way only, from Germany. I had not thought of that. I was obliged to have a pass from the Holland authorities in order to cross into Germany. Here I was up against it. We had not yet reached the border. There was a "no man's land" between the German and the Holland guards. What should I do? I prayed and the soldier on duty expostulated. Finally he told me that he knew his business and that I would have to get out and see the Commandant. Still I sat tight, hardly knowing why, except that I felt I must stay with the carriage.

The lady finally spoke a few words to him quietly. I did not hear what she said, but to my great relief he closed the door and we drove on. We reached the German guards, passed without difficulty, a conversation was taken up between the inmates of the carriage and then for the first time I learned where the carriage was going to. The lady with the carriage lived in Weener, where my family were, and the two women whom she had met at the station in Holland were refugees, escaped from England. They were a German and an Austrian. She was conveying them into Germany and evidently knew her business well. She doubtless had seen me in Weener and recognized me at the depot. Otherwise she surely would not have trusted me in the carriage. But I did not know her.

In a short while the carriage drew up right in front of our door in Weener and I was at home again with my family. It was wonderful. It had not cost me a cent for the carriage and the whole thing seemed so mysterious I could hardly realize it could be true. Let others explain as they will my feeling of haste to get that particular train from Amsterdam and my inability from the resistance of an unseen power at the station to take the other carriage, but I shall always believe that God had the whole thing ordered just so.

September 16, I removed the family to Amsterdam, saying good-bye to Germany for the last time. We had no trouble getting over the border as I carried a military passport which I had secured in Bremen. Pastor Voget went with us as far as the Holland station at Nieuwe Schans. We reached Amsterdam safely and stopped in the Pentecostal Home with Brother and Sister Polman at 342 Kerk Straat.

I preached here at the mission with much help from God. Brother Polman wanted us to remain in Holland indefinitely. But I had no rest in my spirit there. I had to decide if we were to return to America, and when and how. The submarine menace was getting worse continually.

I went to the Hague where a committee was located to assist Americans home, or rather lend them the necessary funds until they could pay it back. God

had given me the money to get home with so I did not need to borrow any. I found all sailings were full for six weeks to come from Rotterdam. The Liverpool sailings offered a better opportunity. In looking over the list of sailings from the latter place I felt impressed with a certain vessel, the "St. Paul." It seemed to me God would have us go home on that boat. Arrangements could not be made from the Hague however, so I returned to Amsterdam. I wanted to pray more about it also. While at the Hague I visited the Carnegie Peace Palace. It was very beautiful but it seemed like a huge farce just now.

I spoke at the mission in Amsterdam again. Felt impressed to go to Thos. Cook's office to see if I could get in touch with Liverpool. But I found to the last that I did not want to leave Europe. I had a great struggle to submit to the will of God in returning to America. At Cook's office I had the clerk write out a message to send to Liverpool about the sailings twice. But twice I left the office without sending it, standing around the streets for about five minutes. I was trying to get willing to return to America. But I could get no rest in my spirit. I had to go back a third time to the office. The clerk had thrown the message on the floor in disgust the last time. This time I told him to send it.

I preached twice more in the mission at Amsterdam. The Lord wonderfully blessed me. If it had not been for the family I would have remained in Holland. In a day or two I received an answer from Liverpool. "Berths reserved on the St. Paul," the vessel I had been impressed we should sail on. It was sailing October 3, for New York City. So that was settled. I resigned myself to God's will. It had been a real death to give up my mission work and return home to America. I bought our tickets straight through from Amsterdam to New York City, though they could not issue tickets from London to Liverpool. But they promised we should have them in London. I had enough money without borrowing a cent or asking a dollar from any one. So wonderfully had the Lord provided for us for this emergency.

HOME THROUGH THE WAR ZONE

We left Holland by way of Flushing. Ran from Amsterdam to Flushing in the night. This brought us perhaps within fifty miles of the actual battle field in Belguim. It was quite close enough to suit all of us. We arrived in Flushing at 2 a. m. and went on the boat. Sailed for Folkestone, England, the next morning. They did not dare cross the channel at night on account of submarines and mines. We sailed very slowly, reaching Folkestone just at dusk. After a weary trying wait of two hours, huddled on the deck in the dampness and cold, we finally passed the doctors and the customs, were locked in a compartment in the train and on our way for London. The train was overfull, so they put us in a first class compartment, the kind only the royalty and millionaires usually ride in there. The English officials were very kind to us.

We landed at Victoria Station, London. It had been a long trying trip, especially for my wife and the children. We had had practically no food since the day before. Food prices had jumped to terrible proportions. Profiteering had begun in earnest. It was a "survival of the fittest." Every fellow was making all he could. We reached London 10 p. m. and they wanted us to go to a hotel. The prices charged were so exorbitant that I got a Cabby to drive us across the city five miles, to the Pentecostal Home conducted by Sister Cantell, an American woman, at 33 Highbury, New Park, N. We reached there exactly at midnight, more than tired but happy to be at rest with friends.

They welcomed us heartily at the Home, got a warm, midnight meal for us, and we were soon safe in bed and sound asleep all well and peaceful. Thank God! I spoke several times in the Home with much help and blessing. Most of my messages were against the war spirit. I spoke once at the Central Pentecostal Mission. The Lord gave me a strong message against the war spirit in christians. The leader said if he were a young man he would enlist himself. They were

opening their meetings with a "War Hymn." The Conscription Act had not yet passed. My message dropped like a bomb in the camp. But some thanked me for it later, especially some of the missionary student young men, members of the P. M .U.

One sister called on the Lord to bless them in their "Holy War." They had General French, Joffre and Kitchener on their list for special prayer. No doubt they needed it, with the Kaiser and the rest of the War lords in every country. London seemed covered with blood. "Our war on German trade," and "Death to German trade," was displayed everywhere on banners, on the business houses and the delivery wagons. These banners frequently ran the length of the buildings. They were the most conspicuous thing in London. Any firm or delivery wagon refusing to carry and display these was boycotted promptly and forced to the wall. It looked very much like a cold-blooded affair, a plain "Commercial War." The whole sprit seemed entirely too mercenary. The young men enlisting seemed to be in high glee at the prospect of going to war. It was too much like a theatrical performance, instead of a grim necessity and tragedy as they had taken it in Germany. It made it hard for me to believe in the perfect honesty of their purpose in spite of the sentiment at times voiced in the connection. My soul became sick of it all. It seemed entirely too professional. I had not seen anything of that kind in Germany.

I spoke at Pastor Saxby's Mission Sunday morning. Here God gave me a strong message against the war spirit also. But it was very differently received. The leader thanked me warmly. He had come into Pentecost, with his congregation, from the Baptist Church. The other mission was really Church of England. They had never severed their connection fully with the State Church system.

I went to the steamship company in London to get our passes to Liverpool, which they had promised me when I bought our tickets in Amsterdam, but they refused at first to issue them to me without the extra money. They finally gave them to me, but very un-

willingly. I had been promised them, so they could not very well refuse. This saved me at least $14.00. I had left our trunks in the station in London until we should be ready to go on to Liverpool. After much prayer, and entreaty in the matter, they allowed me to ship them on without opening them. In fact they did not even charge me storage, a thing they were entitled to. God was working on our behalf. They had examined our grips at Folkestone carefully and removed all German newspapers, etc. I had a stack of German Illustrated War Magazines in the bottom of my trunk, which I wanted to get through to America, for souvenirs. They were cleaning everybody out of all of these things that they could get hold of. I had a number of other things from Germany that they would have confiscated, which would have been quite a loss to me. I wanted them for keepsakes. But I prayed hard to get them through. And through I got them. That was one reason why I had wanted to ship from Rotterdam.

We reached Liverpool safely. Stopped at a reasonable hotel. The women who ran it seemed to have a heart and were very kind to us. However the people on the streets were very suspicious of strangers. September 30, I ran over to Halifax to spend a day or two in the mission with Sister Walshaw with whom I had worked before, and to say good-bye. I received a letter from Brother Polhill of London with five pounds ($25.00) in it. This was very kind of him.

I spoke twice at the mission in Halifax. The Lord wonderfully blessed us. They gave me $20.00. Returned to Liverpool and found the family well and safe. October 3 we sailed for New York City. We had a smooth journey without incident. While the "St. Paul" sailed under the American flag yet the crew were all English. We were not really off of English territory until we landed in New York. Were watched up to the three mile limit by English gunboats. Reached New York City the evening of October 10. It seemed good to be on U. S. soil again, though I had left my heart in Europe. Under the circumstances I realized that I had done the wise thing in bringing my

family back to America. But I long to go back and preach the Gospel in Europe again.

It cost us at least $250.00 to come home. We had considerable expense of one kind and another before we got out of England. I managed to get our trunks out of Liverpool also without opening. That was a great victory as the passengers were subjected to a very rigid examination at the dock. It was only effected through prayer. I was very glad when we finally passed inspection and were allowed to board the vessel. We only had about $2.00 left when we reached our friends in New York City, but we were home and safe. It seemed good to be away from the spirit of suspicion and murder. America was not yet in the war. It took two hours to get through the customs at New York. The children were so tired they went to sleep on the baggage. We went direct to the Pentecostal Home at "Glad Tidings Hall," 454 W. 42nd street. We got to bed in good time and slept soundly, in America once more. We were very thankful to God for bringing us safely through the war zone.

We had been absent on this mission trip from October 27, 1912, to October 10, 1914. In money we had received during this time: From America, $368.34. From Finland and Russia, $367.00. From England, $324.03. From Germany, $188.40. From Norway and Sweden, $177.25. From Palestine, $8.00. From India, $1.00. Making a total of $1434.02.

I spoke nine times at "Glad Tidings Hall." Spoke at a German Mission once, at St. John's Street Noon Day Prayer Meeting once, and at a Colored mission at 134th street twice. They gave us $45.00 at "Glad Tidings Hall." I brought the family to my mother's home at Carversville, Pa. Found her well after our two years' absence. I then went to Newark, N. J., for a convention at Bethel Mission. Preached three times with much help from the Lord.

While taking a walk one day in Newark on the street the wind blew a ladder down from the side of a house just as I was passing. Some painters had been using it. The painter shouted and I jumped just in time to escape it. The ladder broke in two pieces

from the force of the compact with the sidewalk. I had been in direct line with the ladder just before I jumped. And so the devil wanted to pay me for my work in Europe. But God protected.

I went to Philadelphia and preached three times at the Highway Mission. Since returning to America we had now had almost $100.00 given us. I went back to New York City and took part in a Conference. Spoke four times with much help from God. I also spoke at two or three other missions in New York, Swedish and colored. Came back to Philadelphia and spoke twice at Highway Mission. Then I ran up to mother's again to see the family. Came back to Philadelphia again. A Convention was just starting at the Highway Mission. I preached nine times during the week. The Lord kept all other workers away, though a number had written they were coming. I had a special mission to them at this time.

I was seized with the grippe the day before the Convention started. The devil tried to kill me. I came near dying the first part of the week. A number of times I got out of bed to go to meeting so weak I could hardly crawl to the hall. I feared I would die while preaching. Death seemed hanging over me. I felt like an empty shell. I could only support myself by hanging over the pulpit desk and preached as a man walking on the brink of eternity. It was a strange experience. I do not remember ever preaching under such weakness before. In the natural I should have been in bed thinking about dying. But the Spirit moved mightily upon me and within me with the message. When I would return from the meeting I would go to bed again.

Finally the family I was staying with became so alarmed at my condition that they decided to have my family come down and be with me. I had been praying for this very thing. God had a strange way of answering it. We were praying about our future. I did not know what to do or where to go.

I went to the Grace Baptist Temple, corner of Broad and Berks streets, and testified before my old pastor, Russell H. Conwell, once more. Then I ran up to

Carversville and brought my family to Philadelphia. The fight was still on at the mission. No other workers had yet arrived at the Convention. I preached twice more and then felt relieved of my burden for the place. I had delivered my soul. My feet had almost touched the cold waters of death during this ministry. Doubtless it was at least partially for their sakes. I had had a very solemn ministry and messages. Other workers now arrived.

The Lord now showed me clearly that we were to return to Los Angeles, Cal. One brother, not a member of the mission nor even Pentecostal, gave me $50.00. I ran back to New York City and preached at "Glad Tidings Hall" again over Sunday. They gave me $13.00. God wonderfully blessed the message. I then returned to Philadelphia and spoke four times more at the Highway Mission. The leader, Brother Reel, handed me $100.00 in cold cash. Then I knew we were bound for Los Angeles. I went to the railroad office and bought our tickets clear through without a break. I remembered wishing the last time we had crossed the Continent by stages (in 1912), that the next time we crossed it we might be able to go straight through. The journey was so long and tiresome. God had given me my wish in that also.

December 14 we left Philadelphia for Los Angeles. It was my 43rd birthday We went clear through in a tourist car without change. It seemed so good not to have to change cars on this trip. We had seen two hard years of service since we left America, with no certain dwelling place. To be dragged out of cars in the middle of the night had become a nightmare to me. The Lord was rewarding us for our unselfish service in Europe. We arrived in Los Angeles safely once more. Friends met us at the depot and took us to a home, 109 S. Grand Ave., where we stayed for a week and then found other more permanent quarters for the time.

And now we have been sitting in Los Angeles for almost ten years, years of trial and seeming inactivity largely. And yet we thank God for His mercy and protecting, providing love and care. We long to re-

turn to Europe again, or at least into some more active service for God. Will the reader please pray that God's will may be done. It may be a time of waiting and preparation. But we pray it may not be long until we shall hear the summons to go forth at least one more time, in Jesus' name, before He comes. We have absolutely no heart or interest in any other matter.

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